

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week by carrier, in Rock Island; \$1 per year by mail in advance.

Complaints of delivery service should be made to the circulation department, which should also be notified in every instance where it is desired to have paper discontinued, as carriers have no authority in the premises.

All communications of argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Telephones in all departments: Central Union, Rock Island 145, 1145 and 2145.



Tuesday, October 6, 1914.

The arrest of 42 bootleggers in one day at Decatur probably was the result of too much competition.

"It is a long lane that has no end," is an old proverb, but the road to peace in Mexico is painfully lacking in terminal arrangements.

It is necessary to call the roll of the male members of the royal families of Europe occasionally to discredit the incessant flood of war rumors.

The newest idea in theatre construction is the hidden orchestra, which is located under the floor of the house, between the stage and the auditorium.

The fact that the armies of Europe are being led by veterans in the service does not necessarily characterize it as an old men's war. The young men are starting and stopping most of the bullets.

A powerful light for the automobile, and yet one which is not blinding, consists of a battery of 12 lamps, each backed with a reflector, arranged on a bar extending across the front of the car. It is under complete control of the chauffeur.

The American consul at Rheims, who took refuge for a time from the German guns in a wine cellar 100 feet under the surface of the earth, finally has fled the city. Whether he was put to flight by Mars or by Bacchus the correspondents fail to state.

Fifty vaudeville acts, driven out of Europe, have come to America to compete on the stage here. No doubt our republican friends will insist that this condition is also the fault of the tariff and that the war has had nothing to do with it.

Keep the screens up, is the advice of the Chicago health commissioner to the householders of that city and it is equally pertinent here. The autumn fly may not be so numerous as the summer insect but he is more inclined to sociability.

After holding up the Sunset Limited on the Southern Pacific the other night and getting only \$1 a bandit was so disgusted that he gave up to the police and confessed. When a highwayman is unable to get more than that out of a trainful of people it is time for him to decide that he is a misfit and to repudiate his calling.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.

A circular of the First National bank of Boston gives point to the business situation. According to this authority there is no reason for being pessimistic, with 100,000,000 people here at home to be fed, housed and clothed. The country has the supplies to do it. The possibilities are unlimited. We are asked to give due heed to the following facts of the situation: "Although our country has only 6 per cent of the area of the world and 7 per cent of the population, it produces 68 per cent of the corn, 29 per cent of wheat, 61 per cent of cotton, 15 per cent of cattle on farms, 40 per cent of coal, 63 per cent of petroleum, 10 per cent of sugar, 55 per cent of copper, 42 per cent of iron ore, 29 per cent of gold, 28 per cent of silver and 30 per cent of lead."

PLAYING FAVORITISM FOR SHERIFF.

The democrats of Rock Island county are playing no favorites in their campaign for county officers. They have a uniformly good ticket all the way through, and they are presenting a solid front for all the nominees.

Quite in contrast with this policy is the attitude of republican influences which seem to have a singleness of purpose, and that to center all on George Richmond, chairman of the board of supervisors, for the office of sheriff. With utter indifference to all other candidates on the republican ticket and regardless of the fate or fortune of the others, Richmond must be played day and night as the favorite.

It having been admitted by those responsible for the candidacy of Mr. Richmond in the primary that he was brought out considerably after all the other republican aspirants were well into the fight as the only republican in the entire county worthy of the honor, it is not altogether surprising that among the nominees he is regarded by the party spokesmen as deserving

of more special attention than the others on the same ticket.

It is amazing, nevertheless, when one contemplates what a pull with the powers that are that man Richmond has over all other republican candidates, both as an involuntary candidate before the primary, and as a nominee on the ticket.

But the "pull" does not extend to the people.

WORK FOR THE IDLE.

The Davenport Auto club has officially sanctioned a plan for the employment of idle labor as a substitute for charity and at the same time to aid in road improvement, which would be an ideal one for Rock Island—better, in fact, than for Davenport—for this city stands in much greater need of improvement of its approaches than does the city across the river.

The auto club's plan is, in short, to raise a fund of say \$10,000 by popular subscription, to be expended under the authority of the county commissioners upon the roads leading into Davenport and to give employment to the men who most need it. In a public statement on the subject the club says:

Money for other propositions of benefit to the city of Davenport has been forthcoming in times gone by. Money has been raised for people in other cities and other countries who needed it.

Therefore, why can't we raise money in Davenport this fall with the idea of giving jobs to men who want work, not charity, and let the county supervise the maintenance or construction of our county roads, and the approaches to this city?

That this club will do its share in raising money for such a project is assured. Were it possible to raise \$10,000 in Davenport for such road work, we could give employment to about 100 men four days a week for 50 days, or nearly three months. True, that would not figure as a great wage to pay each man, but it would give employment to more men than countless factories in this country now have on their pay rolls.

A commission serving without pay could handle the funds. The county engineer could direct the work, and the county, it would seem, could well afford to furnish wagons and implements. Can the citizens of Scott county afford a donation to a fund which shall first, be the means of giving employment to home labor—men whom we want here as citizens—and, second, accomplish untold good on roads which will stand maintenance repairs?

There seems no way open for a county in this state to issue bonds for road work. The county has done excellent work this year, and if there are any funds remaining, they are now allotted for other work. Therefore, this proposition falls directly on the shoulders of every citizen of this county.

SIEGES OF HISTORY.

The defense of Liège by 30,000 Belgians against three German army corps numbering 125,000 reminds one of the famous battle sieges of history.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 was remarkable for its sieges. Bazinga held out at Metz against the Germans for nearly two months, and finally surrendered, with 6,000 officers and 175,000 men. For this he had to submit to court martial and was sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment.

Afterward came the siege of Paris, which lasted six months. Thousands of shells were rained on the city every day by the Germans, and no fewer than 40,000 of the inhabitants succumbed to disease and hunger.

That lengthy sieges are quite possible even in these days of huge guns is illustrated by Churk Pasha's gallant defense of Adrianople last year for 155 days. Then there was the comparatively recent great siege of Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese war in 1904-5, which finally capitulated after being blockaded by Admiral Togo for 210 days. The name of General Stoessel will rank with those of the greatest soldiers of modern times.

In Ottoman and Russian military history there has never been a siege like that of Plevna in 1877, when Osman Pasha defied the Russians for 144 days, and finally surrendered on Dec. 19, with 30,000 men and 100 guns, owing to provisions and ammunition running short. In the same year Kara, long the bulwark of the Ottoman empire in Asia, was stormed by the Russians after a siege of five months.

Twenty-two years earlier the fortress had been brilliantly defended for eight months against the Russians by the Turks under General Williams, who had but 15,000 men against 50,000.

These sieges, however, are insignificant when compared with some others. The longest siege occurred in the American civil war, when the confederates defended the town of Richmond for 1,485 days, or over four years.

Sevastopol, in the Crimean war, held out for eleven months, while General Gordon defended Khartoum against the Sudanese for 360 days. The sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking, in the South African war, lasted 120, 123 and 261 days respectively.

There is probably no siege which Britishers like to read about so much as that carried out by France and Spain in their endeavors to carry the Rock of Gibraltar, 1779-83. Altogether the siege lasted nearly four years, and as the world knows, resulted in a complete triumph of British arms, in spite of the fact that the enemy numbered 30,000 to 40,000 men, while the defenders numbered only 7,000.

THE WASTE OF WAR

(Quincy Journal.)

There was a world of good horse-sense in the idea suggested by Duff Piercy at Warsaw, Wednesday, that if the cost of preparing for war was done away with, countless millions of money could be turned into channels of usefulness, and things accomplished easily, which are now so much out of the question we never even contemplate them.

Think of it! Sixty-five cents of every dollar of national cash goes to preparation for war or to pay for past wars! Sixty-five per cent of the people's money thrown into the devil's cauldron. Children are going barefooted in the snow. People are huddling together in places not fit for chickens to roost. Men are lining up in broad lines; women are wearing their lives away for less than enough to provide them with food and clothes,

while money that would supply all of these wants is paid for the paraphernalia of war. Farmers of this country are driving through mud and deep roads, saying to themselves that rock roads are out of the question, while the government pays for war preparations enough money to make hard roads on every traveled highway between the oceans in 10 years.

And what is true in this country is doubly true of any state in Europe. We cannot, by simply abandoning the expenditure of money for all warlike things in this country, change the world-wide condition. We cannot disarm while others are arming themselves. But perhaps we can, by the weight of influence of this, the only first-class power not involved in war at present, persuade all others to disarm with us, or at least start a world-wide movement to that end.

Production of Electricity in United States

Approximately five billion watts of electricity are now generated annually in the United States. If this could be used for illuminating a single gigantic nitrogen lamp, its brilliancy, measured in candle power, would be within 60 per cent of the estimated brilliancy of the sun.

The production of this great quantity of electrical energy, together with the manufacturing of the necessary generating and consuming machinery and devices, represents an industry which now ranks with the leaders of America's industrial activities. The annual production of electric lamps alone now exceeds one hundred million, or a lamp each year per capital for the entire United States.

The boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx in New York City consume annually a little over two-thirds of a billion kilowatt hours or approximately one-fifth of the grand total for the United States. It is fitting, therefore, that the big annual Electrical exposition and Motor show should be held in New York City. It is staged in the New Grand Central palace, and will open on Wednesday, Oct. 7, for a run of 10 days.

Among the 150 exhibitors are several branches of the national government, which takes this opportunity of showing the taxpayers how widely electricity is being used to increase efficiency. The United States army and navy departments, the census bureau and the United States mint have all prepared extensive exhibits.

The army and navy exhibits are especially designed to show the many uses of electricity in modern warfare, as it is being carried out at the present time in Europe. A feature of the army exhibit will be a complete arsenal, actually engaged in making standard cartridges for the United States rifle. The machinery and artisans for its operation have been taken from the Frankford arsenal at Philadelphia, and Brigadier General William Crozier of the ordnance department, U. S. A., is in personal charge. Another army exhibit will show the use of electricity in coast defense service. One of the navy exhibits will be the bridge of a battleship, complete in every detail and showing how electricity is used to control the great fighting ships of this nation. How electricity is employed in submarines and the new electric cooking range for warships, also to be shown in action, are other features of the navy exhibit.

Most of the exhibits at the Electrical exposition and Motor show, however, are devoted to the constructive, rather than the destructive, uses of electricity. One is a modern hospital operating room, whose complete electrical devices for saving human life. A United States mint, actually in operation, is to be shown under the direction of George Roberts, director of the mint.

East St. Louis, Ill., Oct. 6.—British agents resumed the buying of horses here today. They have been ordered to buy 10,000 horses and have placed an order with one local firm for 500 a week. The French are buying horses here at the rate of 350 a day.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 6.—J. S. McFayden of the Herr's Island Stockyards here today was notified to prepare to handle 1,000 horses tomorrow. The horses are on their way to England.

here at the rate of 350 a day.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 6.—J. S. McFayden of the Herr's Island Stockyards here today was notified to prepare to handle 1,000 horses tomorrow. The horses are on their way to England.

here at the rate of 350 a day.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 6.—J. S. McFayden of the Herr's Island Stockyards here today was notified to prepare to handle 1,000 horses tomorrow. The horses are on their way to England.

here at the rate of 350 a day.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 6.—J. S. McFayden of the Herr's Island Stockyards here today was notified to prepare to handle 1,000 horses tomorrow. The horses are on their way to England.

here at the rate of 350 a day.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 6.—J. S. McFayden of the Herr's Island Stockyards here today was notified to prepare to handle 1,000 horses tomorrow. The horses are on their way to England.

here at the rate of 350 a day.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 6.—J. S. McFayden of the Herr's Island Stockyards here today was notified to prepare to handle 1,000 horses tomorrow. The horses are on their way to England.

here at the rate of 350 a day.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 6.—J. S. McFayden of the Herr's Island Stockyards here today was notified to prepare to handle 1,000 horses tomorrow. The horses are on their way to England.

here at the rate of 350 a day.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 6.—J. S. McFayden of the Herr's Island Stockyards here today was notified to prepare to handle 1,000 horses tomorrow. The horses are on their way to England.

here at the rate of 350 a day.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 6.—J. S. McFayden of the Herr's Island Stockyards here today was notified to prepare to handle 1,000 horses tomorrow. The horses are on their way to England.

here at the rate of 350 a day.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

We've Since Heard They Were False.

She was evidently supremely happy. On the fullness of her velvet cheeks there was the delicate pink of the May bloom. Her deep blue eyes were dancing behind their silken sable fringes. Her parted cherry lips, those lips he adored, showed glistening pearls between.—"The Taming of Amorette," by Anne Warner in the Saturday Evening Post.

Tip to the Girls.

All the exchanges hereabouts are printing the following bit of sarcasm, directed against the proud city girl: "Listen, daughter, whenever a town girl gets too proud to marry a man with 100 acres of land and 20 red pigs, just because he wears blue jeans and can't tell the tango from the sloe gin rickey, you can put it down that she will either die an old maid or marry a \$6 a week clerk with a head full of ozone and only one change of hole-puffs. We would rather see you hooked up to some fellow who wears 49 cent overalls and knows when to hit the top of the market than to be yoked to some Cuthbert who plays the mandolin, smokes Turkish cigarettes and lives off his father's pension. Still there's no accounting for tastes. That's why they are establishing courts of domestic relations here and there."

Isn't the Fall Moon Beautiful?

(Charles City Press.) Benton Farnham and Mrs. Chas. Hibner returned from Minneapolis this morning where they autoed a few days ago on a combined pleasure and business trip.

She Has a Rest Coming.

(Saugatuck Commercial Record.) Miss Mattie Hirner will take a two weeks' vacation from her duties at the postoffice. During her absence Postmaster Wade requests patrons of the office to lick their own postage stamps.

THERE must be an awful punch in that German right. It has been bent and bruised almost every day for the past few weeks, but it manages to come back with renewed force just when the count is started.

WE have been advised that the report that Ruth St. Denis does not wear beads in her dancing performance is untrue. So many folks hereabouts are interested in Ruth's beads that we are glad to give publicity to this fact, thereby helping to swell the audience that is to greet her at the Illinois.

The Church Worker's Prayer.

"O Lord, I come to thee in prayer once more, But pardon if I do not kneel before Thy gracious presence, for my knees are sore."

With so much walking. In my chair instead I'll sit at ease and humbly bow my head.

I've labored in Thy vineyard, thou dost know; I've sold ten tickets for the minstrel show;

I've called on fifteen strangers in our town, Thy contributions to our church put down.

I've baked a pot of beans for Saturday's spree. An old-time supper it is going to be.

I've dressed three dolls, too, for our annual fair, And made a cake which we must ratle there.

Now, with thy boundless wisdom, so sublime, Thou knowest that these duties all take time;

I have no time to fight my spirit's foes, I have no time to mend my husband's clothes.

My children roam the streets from morn till night, I have no time to teach them what is right.

But thou, O Lord, considering all my cares, Wilt count them righteous and wilt heed my prayers.

Bless the bean supper and the minstrel show, And put it in the hearts of all to go.

Induce the visitors to patronize The men who in our program advertise.

Because I've chased these merchants till they hid, Whenever they saw me coming—yes, they did.

Increase the contributions to our fair, And bless the people who assemble there.

Bless Thou the grab-bag and the gypsy tent, The flower table and the cake that's sent.

May our whist club be to thy service blest, Our dancing party gay as the rest.

And when Thou hast bestowed these blessings, then We pray that thou wilt bless our souls. Amen." F. W. L.

IT strikes one this far from the scene of operations as extraordinary that the field authorities should have permitted such a valuable bit of bric a brac as Du Paty de Clam to get within range of the enemy's guns. Result is that de Clam is laid up with a wound. Probably some one tried to break his wrist watch.

Hen Hicks Says—Fellers who cast reflections aren't always polished.

We heard it remarked the other day that some men can't even head a procession at their own funeral.

Making a goose of herself is one of the failings of the gal who thinks she has a swanlike neck.

Many fellers have gone lame trying to work a rabbit's foot instead of their own hands.

J. M. C.

The Daily Story

Halvor Gunderson's Dog—By John C. Wdae.

Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

Halvor Gunderson had first noticed the dog behind his wagon when he stopped to rest his team on the Steven hill.

On stock days farmers from twelve miles back in the hills brought hogs and calves to town, and strange dogs were plentiful along the main road.

When well out of the ridge he again glanced back to see that he was losing none of his purchases out of his hog rack and saw the dog still following. He now looked at it more carefully.

It was a large shepherd dog with a full chest, a long, slim body well above the ground and coarse tawny hair that was nearly black on the neck and back.

When he turned into the short by-road leading to his house he whistled to the dog, but the latter had already turned with the wagon and was evidently intending to follow it wherever it went.

When he went to supper he took the dog with him. Its previous owner must have allowed it the freedom of

grew more sullen and morose. His horses and cattle felt the effect of this change and shunned him even more than before.

One cold November morning several of the cows had got out of the barn lot and wandered across the creek. The bridge was but a few hundred yards away, but Halvor ordered the dog across the stream after them.

The shepherd went to the edge of the icy water, but refused to go farther. He ordered him in again and again and finally, furious at his refusal, picked up a pitchfork handle and hit the dog between the eyes, knocking him down.

The animal was on his feet in an instant and with a snarl of rage sprang furiously at his master's throat. Halvor again swung the handle, this time blindly; but, fortunately for him, he again hit the dog in the forehead and with such force as to stun him for several seconds.

The shepherd finally got up, shook himself and walked slowly away. Halvor leaned against a fencepost, feeling a trifle weak, not so much from fear of the dog as from the look in his eyes when he sprang at him.

Twelve years before, on the beach at Halleberg, he had faced such a look from Johann Jorgenson, who fiercely struggled to free himself from the man who held him that he might again attack Halvor, whom he accused of refusing, though in a boat near by, to heed the cries of himself, his father and brother when they had been run down in their heavily loaded fishing boat the night before in a storm by a tourist steamer coming up the fjord.

One night as Halvor was coming down the valley road from a small town about six miles north of his farm he saw in the moonlight against the snow a dark form running swiftly through the trees along the hillside above him. It had the gait and appearance of a gigantic wolf, but he instinctively knew it to be his dog. He whistled and called, but it neither slackened its speed nor looked around. In a few minutes it had disappeared over the ridge.

He thought of his grandmother's tales of the werewolf, the man wolf, who could change from man to wolf at will. He had been thinking of these tales often lately. Her stories of warlocks, the storm wind and sea trolls had never so impressed his childish mind as these.

When told on a stormy December night in half whispers, the low room lighted only by the open fire, the sea raging on the shore before the house, the wind moaning through the trees on the mountain side behind, he could vividly see the werewolf—the man in the wolf form—skulking along the edge of the forest and watching the village for his enemies.

He had all the ferocity of a wolf and the cunning of a man. He was the "hunter who never fails." Halvor knew his American neighbors with their automobiles and telephones would laugh at such an idea, but he had been raised by the sea and had all the superstition of a seafaring people deeply implanted in him.

The refusal of the dog to eat fish confirmed his fears.

Johann Jorgenson would never eat fish, explaining laughingly that as he spent about sixteen hours a day with them it was too much like eating his friends.

Halvor now found it necessary to watch the dog all the time; he never turned his back to him for an instant. As week after week went by the strain showed in his appearance—gray began to appear in his hair, his face became more haggard.

One gray January afternoon he was chopping on a hillside, with the dog sitting in the snow a short distance away, watching him.

He was wondering how much longer he could continue under the present state of affairs. He must end it some way. Perhaps one of his neighbors could be persuaded on some pretext to attempt to shoot the dog.

The idea appealed to him; he thought it over carefully. He became so engrossed with it that he forgot for some minutes to look up. Just as the large red oak that he was chopping was about to fall he raised his eyes and saw the dog was not in view.

Glancing fearfully over his shoulder, he saw that which he had so long expected to see—the dog within a few feet of his back!

With a startled cry he sprang forward, but in so doing slipped on the icy hillside and tumbled directly under the falling tree.

When he was found many hours later by the party of neighbors with lanterns, who had been summoned by his wife, he was pinned fast under the tree trunk and had apparently been dead for hours.

His dog was shot that same night while attempting to enter a sheepfold. A farmer living some miles north of Gunderson's identified the dog as one that had formerly owned and that had run away the previous spring after having been whipped for worrying sheep.

Oct. 6 in American History.

1830—Harriet Hosmer, noted sculptress, born at Watertown, Mass.; died 1908.

1909—Dr. Abbott Lawrence Lowell inaugurated president of Harvard.

Essad Rules in Albania.

Paris, Oct. 6.—A Havas dispatch from Durazzo, dated Oct. 4, says that the senate has named Essad Pasha president of the provisional government of Albania. His 10,000 Albanian troops occupy strategic positions in the city.